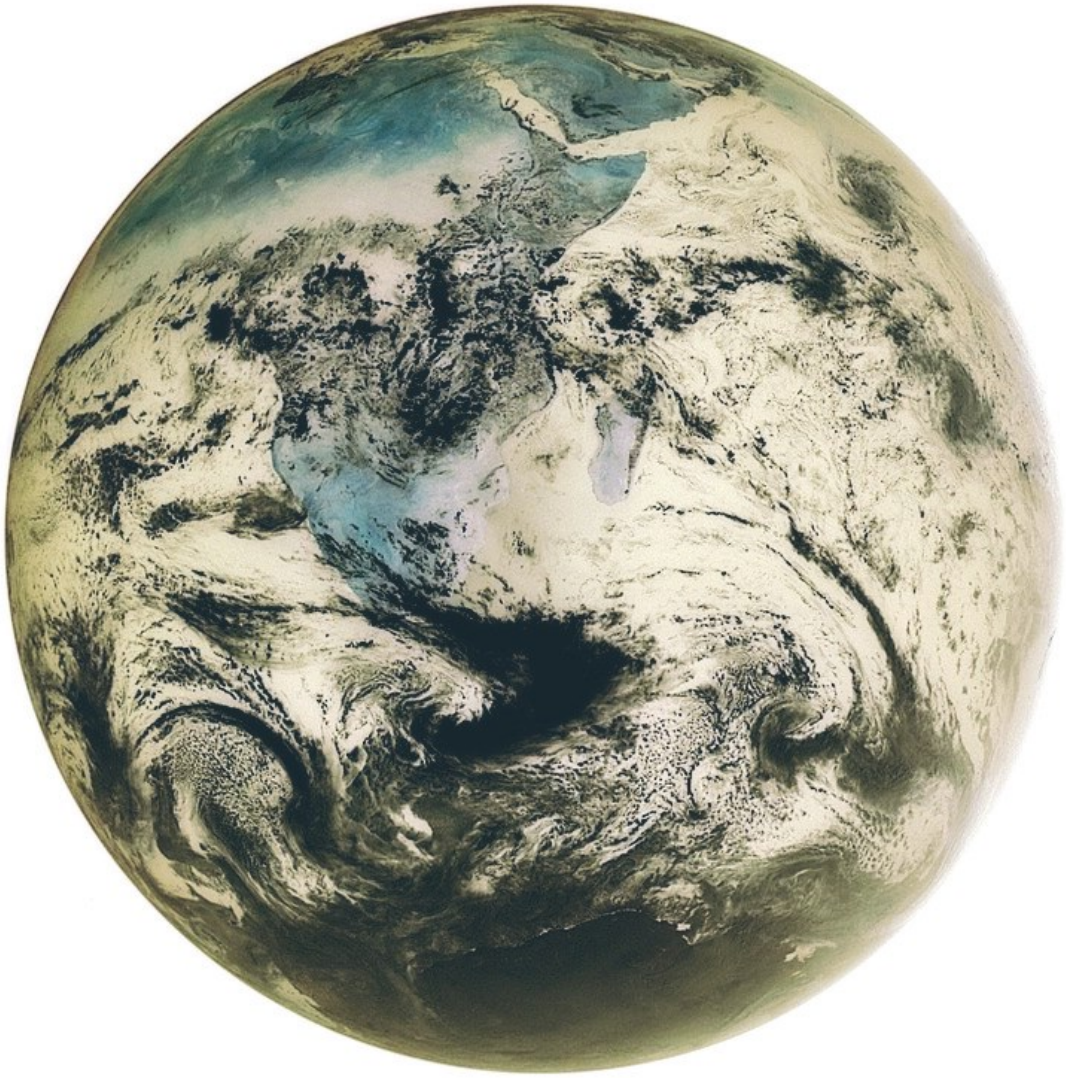
A.T.A.C.K

Angry Trannies* Against Cops and Kings

*and Dykes, Faggots, etc.

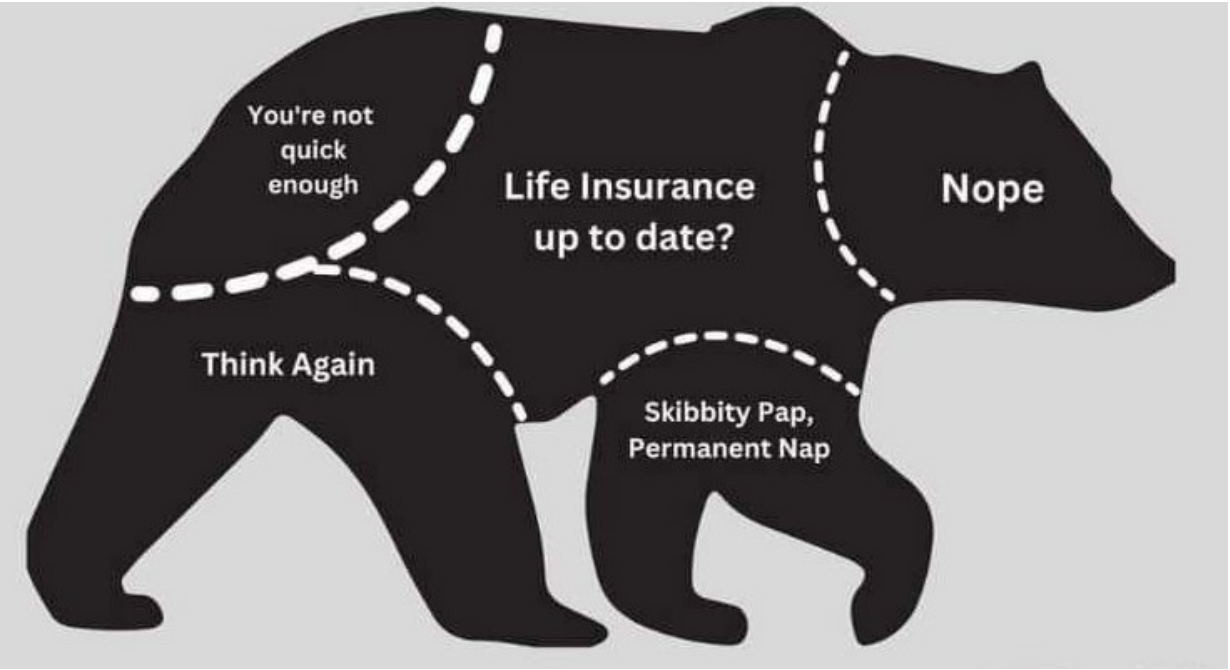


Come Watch With Me As Our World Burns

"I act the part you expect
I was never sure, but it seemed to be
The best disguise, don't you see?
You never really saw me."

Issue 2, Jul 23

Poke the Bear



Poke the bear

She's sleeping soundly

Poke the bear

She's in her den

Poke the bear

She's with her young

Poke the bear

She's waking, angry

Poke the bear

She bares her teeth

Poke the bear

She roars, she lashes

Cage the bear

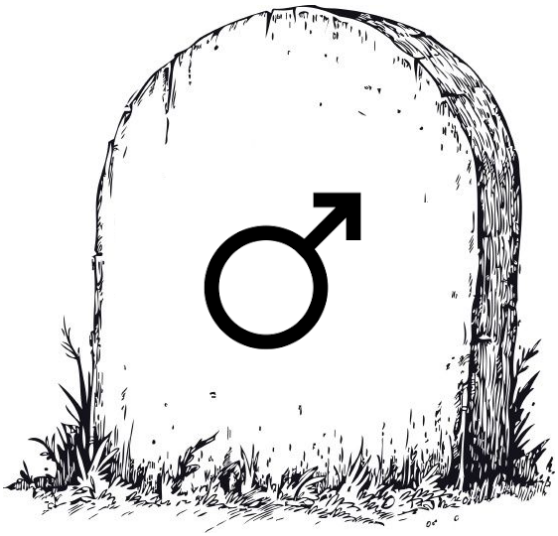
And say:

"What a dangerous creature this is."

Kill a Man

do I swear too much she'll ask
cigarette in hand while urban fuzz
circles around yous like a bridal dance
remember to wear white and lose
break your virginity to the night
writhing in His piss-stained vomit-soaked bedsheets
streets wah in the dark
a quiet reminder that if you want
for a small fee
you can get your stomach pumped by an amateur
some unpaid overworked student doctor who'll
shit and fuck all over your broken body
witness His wounds
cover your eyes with rose incense
cut your teeth on whoever you want
disavow them both later or don't
who gives a shit.
nobody's listening anyways
certainly not to you -
not anymore

I don't think so you'll say
but you were always going to lie to her
take it out from her lips
suck it inhale
anything to feel the heat of a mouth inside yours
breathe in her smoke
let her fill you up like a hand puppet
besides -
your body is hers now
it always has been
later you'll find yourself
standing in front of a mirror trying on dresses
ashamed of the Pride that you feel
sick to your teeth
on how good you look
cause *god-fucking-damn…*
you'll fall in love with your neck after you've shaved
bathe in that feeling



nobody can be truly self-made
but *fucking hell* -
you'd certainly kill a man trying

Interlude

Where does the mask end and I begin?

I have resolved to never answer that question. We are all distorted shapes through coloured lenses. Whatever is "me" cannot be directly observed.

You can see the shadows I cast, the shapes I form, the way the light glints through me, but to seek the core kernel of "me" is to shamefully ignore the world around me and its role in my birth, growth, and fulfilment.

And more importantly: Why do you need to know?

I certainly don't need to. Why would you have a more pressing need than I would?

🌸👑

I hope you'd be proud of me.

I never said how proud I was of you.

The world is a fucked-up, unjust, fetid hunk of burning rock, but I have to believe it can be made just a little better.

Maybe I won't live to see it either, but I have to try.

I live to try.

Kallisti

How do I explain what is gender? How do I explain what is beauty? Or love? Poets have tried for thousands of years! I cannot capture such things in mere words; they are a poor prison for the heart.

I DON'T KNOW

How to tell you who I am.

To capture my life in a conversation, or two, or three.

You tell me that there are processes to follow; that it is for my own good. Mistakes could be catastrophic.

As though I haven't spent decades making the same mistakes. As though there is no danger if I am denied. As though the power you have over me isn't a knife at my throat.

Or my wrists.

I don't know what magic words you want to hear from me.

Just getting in the room to force you to listen has left me exhausted.

I know you don't want to hear the truth. Because the truth is big, and messy, and the boxes on your forms are terribly small.

As though you can capture a life inside a set of simple criteria. As though the scratching of your pen as you squeeze me into one is liberation. As though I should be grateful for your professional approval.

Or your rejection.

I don't know why I'm trying to explain all this.

We'll go through the motions. I'll talk about showing my authentic self, living my best life.

Try to convince you to lower the knife down. Down. Down. Yes, there. Don't flinch.

As though you can cut the woman I am out of this lie I'm tired of living. As though a few forms filed correctly will set me free. As though it were all just a simple bureaucratic error, something easily fixed.

Do you know?

What I Am For You

I was born with a cock - riveting I know - so naturally I was raised as a boy by the oppressive mass murdering rapist known as „polite society".

Funnily enough I was often mistaken for a girl when I was little, I had long hair and feminine features. At that point in my life I hated it, it seemed to invalidate the role I was given and it was often used by other kids and some adults against me.

So for most of my life I did my damndest to be a big strong boy, a smart boy. A big manly warrior is what I wished myself to be, when I was called girlish, fat and strange. To be finally undoubtable in what I was pushed from birth to be. Trying to be a man only achieved a lack in hygiene, toxic traits and excessive focus of the scraggly peach fuzz I was proud to call a „beard".

Eventually I stopped, begun allowing myself femininity or whatever. I started feeling better.

But my body never really fit either side of the gender binary, neither truly one or the other.

I got broad shoulders and smooth features; slight boobs and bulky thighs; sensitive skin and lots of hair.

Don't get me wrong, I like what my body is.

What I hate is what I am for you.

Cause what I am for you is either a failed man or a woman in progress.

Fuck you.

I hate the looks you cis assholes give me, your unwillingness to perceive something outside of „male and female".

I hate your praises of „oh how brave you are" and „that is so admirable" that you fuckers flaccidly blurt out.

What I hate is what I am for you!

And beware I talk about politics, beware I confront you with the reality of people you see as pesky nuisances or tokenized inspiration porn.

Is an angry tranny too intense for you? Too uncomfortable? Too needy? Are you appalled when I rage against the neurotypical cishets? When I put you in the box of „oppressors"? Of course you are.

So now tell me: what I am I to you?

The tomboyish femboy? The gender monster you cannot really grasp?

Whatever it may be, I reject it as I reject you.

Cause what I want to be to you, is a giant burning „FUCK YOU"!

Don’t

Don't be afraid to think.

Don't be afraid to question.

Don't be afraid to ask why.

Don't be afraid to demand answers.

Don't be afraid to scream when they pretend not to hear.

Don't be afraid to make yourself heard.

Don't be afraid.

Are you ready to be heard?

We might throw another one of these together so we'd love to have more voices that are some combination of angry, queer, and provocative.

Get in touch with us: atackuk@proton.me